

"NOT LAKE BARD!" SAYS "ARIZONA CHARLIE" AS HE DIFFUSES AMUSINGLY UPON INLAND SEA

Editor of the Examiner:

Dear Sir: If, in my fertile bean there has hatched a scheme that will be the means of transferring 171 suffering unit holders from the alkali flats of San Pascual Valley, California, to the sun-kissed land of the Arizona mesa, and my thinker has devised a rescue for ten thousand perishing families in Imperial Valley; if I am to put a substantial and everlasting vertebra in the jelly-fish City of Los Angeles, and save that over-boomed city from exploding like a pin-pricked toy balloon; if I cause the Southern Pacific railroad dividends to double; if I convert the burning sands from Blaisdell to Thermal into a veritable flower garden and orange orchard, and forever close the bazoo of the Mesa belly-acher; if I make Yuma a city of 15,000 within two years; if I add a hundred per cent to the value of all the town lots in Yuma and to every acre of land in the valley; if I furnish electric power for all the hollow of God's hand, and light the whole country from Hell's Half-Acre to Death Valley like unto the noonday sun; if I levy on and appropriate the whole valley of San Pascual, dam the reservation and raise Cain (all this, and more, too, I am supposed to bring about by having constructed a beautiful lake or inland sea, extending from the Indian farms to Laguna dam); then a pair of pessimistic insects from the reservation, aided and abetted by one Col. Fly step in and christen the very largest artificial body of water in all the world—"LAKE BARD!"

(Let's call it Lake Meadows!)

I guess that's alright; all we want is clear water!

A modest man would naturally not say much under the circumstances. Old Uncle Al Whitney, when he discovered the highest peak in the Sierra Nevada did not name it Mount Bard; neither did Pike, or old man Hood; same with Hudson, LaBarge, Bennett and Linderman, with those big bodies of water up north.

Through the columns of a county pamphlet that is published occasionally of mornings in Yuma, one Billy Bug and Jimmy Gnat, two alkali ranchers, from the reservation, indulge in a lot of sarcasm and jitney wit over this proposed settling pond. They suggest that, if the valley farmers are suffering from ennui that they might transport the Temple of Jocja, the Rangoon Pagoda and the Pyramids of Egypt, and place them on Mose Hibbard's snake ranch.

They intimated that we might uproot the Grand Canyon and transplant it along the National Highway for scenic purposes. If we were "silt struck" and really anxious to do something, why not change the course of the Colorado River and run the silt back into the Rocky Mountains and start a toboggan? If we would dabble in the water, why not submerge the Mexican village of Yuma and have a settling pond of our own?

Then they drifted into commercialism. Jimmy would raise fish and frogs' legs in Lake Bard (?) for Gen. Joffre's army, and monopolize the whole sponge concession for the Red Cross Society? Where the Mud reached the Salt Marshes, he would cultivate the bivalve and deliver them in bushel lots to reduce the cost of living and make the old feel young (two dozen raw for the King, please). Billy would extract niter from the sea weed and potash from the alkali beds to replenish the Kaiser's depleted commissary of deadly fumes.

From a hydroplane they would extract lactiferous from the sea cows, and sell sure enough milk and honest-to-God cream to the suffering children who are dying from the obnoxious cow ordinance in Yuma. Oh, yes. They would sprout a dorsel fin and grow flippers, those old sports, and they would dive and swim amid the coral reefs and pearl beds at the bottom of "Lake Bard," with the she dolphins and they would dip in the cool cement pool at Drop No. 2, and bask on the sandy beach with the flaxen maned mermaids.

When seen by the kissing bug reporter of the Examiner that afternoon they became highly indignant at the idea of giving up their own happy prolific homes for \$400 per acre Mesa land. Never!

The following day they were before the board of cost review and swore before Joe Stilson on a stack of Bibles as high as the dung piles in a Main street livery stable that (or words to that effect) that they had the bunk slipped to them by a "Black Republican Administration"; That they went on to the reservation with high hopes, a superabundance of energy and a roll of filthy lucre that would choke a dog; that they had worked earnestly and conscientiously for five years; that they had borrowed from all points of the compass, and got the money from home, and now, if they are to proceed further, the government would have to furnish the mazzuma.

Billy Bug first tried the Belgian

hare, the busy bee, the elastic hog, and thanksgiving turkey. They sure thrived, fattened and multiplied; but, a few days before Thanksgiving, he went to the City of Bard to rehearse an amateur play; upon his return he found seven feet of water on his little ranch; the main canal had bursted just opposite his house, and he, himself, was a busted community. But William was a gamester; he got another package from home, and the ranch was stocked with that bird whose gobbling saved Rome, Indian runners and bull frogs. Within six months Bill was in clover. This aquatic ranch looked like ready money.

"Burst and be d—," said Bill, as the water poured into the duck pond. But this time the main canal washed out, seven miles above. Sellev was in a penny ante poker game and did not hear of it for ten days, and by that time the duck pond became as dry as the Sahara desert; the geese got; the frogs croaked, and the ducks ducked. This got Sweet William's Ibex. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

He and Jimmy than did Dr. Tanner at intervals of from ten days to two weeks at a time; he swore at times that his stomach thought his neck had been torpedoed, and that it was with great difficulty he was enabled to scrape together sufficient rags to cover his Joseph Knowles.

No settling pond for him. No \$400 per acre Mesa land; not for those small boys. They have got too good a thing at Bard.

"THE KING."

LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE JUSTICE COURT, FIRST
PRECINCT, COUNTY OF YUMA,
STATE OF ARIZONA

E. F. Sanguinetti, plaintiff, vs. Wm. F. Haynes, defendant.—Summons.

Action brought in the Justice Court of First Precinct, in and for the County of Yuma, in the State of Arizona.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF ARIZONA, TO WM. F. HAYNES, DEFENDANT, GREETING:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Justice Court of First Precinct, in and for the County of Yuma, in the State of Arizona, and answer to the complaint filed in said Justice Court, at Yuma, in said County within five days, exclusive of the day of service, after the service upon you of this Summons, if served within this Precinct; but if served without this Precinct, but within the county, ten days; if served out of the county, fifteen days; in all other cases, twenty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you.

Given under my hand at Yuma, Arizona, this 17th day of July, 1915.

J. C. JONES,
Justice of the Peace of said Precinct.

Arizona Sentinel, 3 weeks; first publication, July 29.

TELLS ON THE KIDNEYS

Yuma People Have Found This to Be True

The strain of overwork tells on the weakened kidneys. The hurry and worry of business men, the heavy lifting and stooping of workmen, the women's household cares, tend to wear, weaken and injure the kidneys until they can no longer filter the poison from the blood and the whole body suffers from the waste matter that accumulates. Weakened kidneys need quick assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for weakened kidneys; tired, worn-out backs—have proven their merit in thousands of cases. Below is convincing proof from this locality:

J. W. Smith, blacksmith, 744 West Fillmore St., Phoenix, Ariz., says: "The heavy work in my business made my kidneys weak. My back ached and I was so stiff that I could hardly bend over. I had headaches and dizzy spells. The kidney secretions were unnatural. Doan's Kidney Pills sure strengthened my kidneys and the pains disappeared. The five dollars worth of Doan's Kidney Pills I used were worth many hundred dollars to me. I give Doan's Kidney Pills the entire credit for curing me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Smith had. Foster-Milburn Co. Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

VILLA WITHDRAWS ORDERS ON FOREIGNERS

EL PASO, Aug. 11.—General Villa withdrew his order to foreign mining corporations to send representatives to a meeting tomorrow at Chihuahua to act on a "matter of great importance," presumably a forced loan and promised release from the order for confiscation of goods of foreign merchants and mining companies seized at Chihuahua and Juarez.

Villa's action was taken after a 3-hour conference with General Hugh L. Scott. George Carothers and Alberto Madero also attended the meeting.

MEXICANS TRYING TO REGAIN PART OF TEXAS

BROWNSVILLE, Aug. 11.—An explanation of the purposes and extent of the raids of the last three weeks was obtained from Jesus Garcia, a Mexican wounded and captured on Sunday at Norias, and who is expected to die. He said that many Mexicans of the lower classes hoped to regain possession of Texas between the Rio Grande and Nueces rivers and said a political party with this aim exists in the southern part of Texas. He claims he was forced to join the band that attacked Norias.

He claimed that for the past two years the Mexicans have held weekly meetings at Garcia's home.